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THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

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RELIGIOUS.

BY SMITH BOUTWELL.

Pressed, 'till the leaves of a scrap-book old,
Brown and yellow, and gold,
Reminded me of my life,
Dead as the leaves of a scrap-book old,
But the memories of which they form a part,
Never can fade or die.

Pressed on the page of a little song,
Telling a love that was true and strong,
Till of its life I was told,
Love, true love is of little worth,
Flowers covered this love at its birth,
Never can fade or die.

And the ghost of a love that had fled its time,
And the flowers that long past their prime,
Twice with a faded grace
Round a mad-woman's face of the scrap-book old,
And all of the story left to be told
Spoke from a pictured face.

Love, still here in the quiet eye,
Love of a kind to endure the strife,
Fondness, passion, and love,
Love as faithful as the sea,
In the eyes that see beyond the veil,
Whom was the better wrong?

A HIDDEN WRONG;

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

EVGENE AND HIS SISTERS.

When Evgene was left alone in the street the night that Marian parted from him so abruptly, something like the old soldier darkness in which she had found him brooding when his life first received its brightness from her smile, came over him again.

Sensitive and keenly alive to all surroundings as he was by nature, the peculiar circumstances of his family had strongly affected his disposition and character. Ever since he could remember, he had been an object of annoyance rather than affection to his mother. At times she actually seemed to shrink from him, and his sudden appearance in her presence always brought a cloud with it to her spirits.

Long ago there had been days when she could show a sort of self-reproachful interest in him, and at such times arrangements had been made for the salutary education he had been able to snatch at these brief periods.

Had he been less studious or of a lighter and more careless nature, the boy would have grown up a dandy and a dater, without an object in the world; but determined to seize whatever mental food was offered to his hungry mind, he made good use of his opportunities, and although Mrs. Blanchard's holiness and severity made and made his regular plan of study, no combination of adverse influences could prevent his acquiring knowledge.

But it was a gloomy and cheerless sort of an education so pursued, and the self and his surroundings, the temptations of idleness and vanity, made fair to become a misanthrope.

In all his life there was but one spot of bloom, and even that one was often planted with the thorns of his strange and unnatural mother's jealousy.

When he was about years old a daughter had been born to Mrs. Blanchard, and this child, as if in contradiction to her parents, early evinced an intense and unquenchable fondness for the neglected boy.

She was a fair and beautiful little creature, too delicate and fragile for perfect health, and with a strangely premature mental development that contrasted the more with her slender and childish form.

Until Violet's decided and unmistakable preference displayed itself for Evgene, his existence had been checked by evidence of neglect and aversion, sparingly crossed by moments of kindness and efforts at compensating care.

The child's love seemed to seal his fate, for ever afterward his mother regarded him with unaltered suspicion and avoidance, and no further effort was ever made in his behalf by either parent.

He grew into the knowledge of this change, it did not come to him all at once, and he accepted it in silence and sealed his heart against complaint or outburst, suffering gloomily but manfully, and working at his favorite studies in a silent, dogged way, without hope and without joy.

He returned his sister's love in a mournful affection, that seemed to burden rather than strengthen his heavy heart.

He knew that every smile and caress she bestowed on him gave her mother pain, and he was too magnanimous to glory in this way of gaining retribution; on the contrary he avoided commending the woman who had no mercy on him, and taught Violet to come to him when they could be alone together, and could annoy no one by their innocent affection.

His manner to his mother had always been respectful; when he grew old enough to understand his unhappy position it became sadly curious; and until the day he met young Marian Barton, he had gone on working with his books and pencil, and controlling his unhappiness and irrepressible yearning for a different experience as he could, without an object in the future, or a hope beyond the dull routine of the weary days as they passed.

To know Marian was to feel the presence of inspiring and noble goodness, and in her society and under her influence Evgene began to live and hope.



RALPH VELOUR DISCOVERS LUCY'S PLACE OF CONCEALMENT.

"BY JOVE, IT IS LITTLE LUCY! AND THE POLICE HAVE NABBED THE INNOCENT LITTLE CHICKEN, SURE ENOUGH!" HE CRIED.

If rightly cultivated would give him future freedom.

This he learned from the inspiration of her clear, soft brown eyes that seemed to look right into his heart and read the story of his career, its sinless struggles and dreary experience.

Life no longer wore gray hues, everything grew bright, and as he worked and strove, encouraged by her smile, the dull clouds seemed to part before him, and he saw a clear and promising future beyond. But that dark and heavy night, as they parted in the cold street, seemed to scatter all the hope like vanished sunlight, and fall in its dull, dreary hues around him as black and rayless as the pall of death.

He roused himself from a miserable feeling of stupor, and turned his steps toward the splendid house in Lexington Park.

As he reached the broad and showy front he glanced upward and marked a light in Mrs. Blanchard's room.

He passed in with a sigh of relief, for somehow he dreaded to meet her, and ascending the lofty stairway till he reached the upper floor, passed at the door of a chamber at the back of the house and opened it with a key which he took from his pocket for the purpose.

There was a light beautifully shaded, and he saw the large table that occupied the centre of the floor, and sitting beside it curled up into an easy-chair with a huge book on her knee, sat a very beautiful young girl, with a fair, delicate face and large pearly-colored eyes.

"Evgene!" she cried, springing up at sight of him and dropping the great book she held, "how late you are, my darling brother. I have sat here with no one for company but pretty June yonder, and she seemed to frown, you stayed so long."

She looked up at a painting which hung directly in front of them, representing an idealization of the first month of summer in a lovely girl, crowned with roses, with her hands full of strawberries and field blossoms.

The study was a beautiful one, but any one who had ever seen Marian Barton could see at a glance that it was nothing more than a portrait of her in soft white drapery, dotted here and there with bees and butterflies, and crowned with a wealth of summer bloom.

The artist cast his eyes on his favorite picture and shuddered; the contrast between its smiling lips and the blanched and fearful face he had left was startling.

"You are pale and something troubles you," whispered Violet, with her arms around his neck. "I wish I were old and wise enough to share your thoughts, and I would charm all their pain away."

"And so you do, dear little sister," Evgene returned fondly.

He had thrown himself on the little lounge that stood against the wall opposite to his picture, and was looking at it now over the fair young head that nestled close to his breast.

"But you must not sit up so late waiting for me another night, dear," he continued, chidingly. "You know you are a slender little girl, not nearly so strong or stout as you should be, and that no one can get rosy cheeks who waits and watches."

"Yes, but I could not go to bed to-night without seeing you, Evgene, for I had something to tell you, something that is troubling me, and that you must explain."

"If I can," her brother said, trying to smile, and caressing his sister's fair head as it nestled close to his breast.

efforts to hide his troubled expression from her earnest eyes, "there is something very wrong in our home here, no one is happy, and I feel as if there were a great cloud dropping down and lower over us all."

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"Evgene," said Violet, solemnly looking up into the young man's face, despite his

would be torn apart, and he soothed her and talked far more hopefully than he felt, scribbling his parents' strange antipathy to some trivial cause that would wear away, and finally quieting the poor child, so that she sat at his side and listened to his description of the plan for his great picture, which he gave her with an assumed hopefulness and interest in the subject, which since his interview with Marian he found it very difficult to feel.

Violet was still but a child—and although she had been excited and agitated by the scene she had witnessed in the library, her brother's pretended calmness and soothing assurances had their effect in quieting her feelings, and she listened and became enthusiastic about the grand painting and its success in clearing the public, and promising her beloved Evgene the great artist she believed him to be.

It was getting late, as he gently reminded her—and she rose to go down to her own room by a small, winding stair leading from the hall, at the further end of his.

"Good-night, my pet," he said, "we will talk more of this to-morrow; I must keep me in heart for my work now—I must look to you for my inspiration."

"Ah, where is June?" cried Violet, raising her finger warningly. "See, the lovely brown eyes look reproachfully at you, Evgene, for forgetting to acknowledge the true source of your genius; yes, it all comes from that sweet, bright face—and I long to see the real one of which it is a copy."

Evgene had told his sister about Marian's lovelessness and goodness; and young as she was, she had soon discovered the spell of the beautiful girl held over her brother's heart.

He tried hard to hide the effect of her words from the loving child, by turning aside his face at the mention of her whose last words seemed to have crushed life and hope out of his aching heart.

"We will talk of it to-morrow," he repeated, softly.

And she said—"Good-night." And whispered to him that nothing on earth could make her cease to love her dearest brother, and ran softly down to her own beautiful room, where he heard her enter and close the door.

Then he came back, and with a stifled groan, threw himself into the seat opposite his favorite picture.

Resting his head on his hand, he gazed on it long and earnestly, whilst he tried to understand the gloomy destiny that seemed to draw its cloudy folds closer and closer around him.

Why should he be the object of persecution and hatred to the two who claimed to be his parents, unless they were conscious of having injured him? Why should his beautiful and innocent girl be made the star of his life, shrink from him unless under the influence of his malignant power?

He cogitated long and painfully, for his questions awoke numberless others without coming an answer to any one.

His head fell forward languidly and hopelessly, his mind was racked, and his body weary, and midnight gloom closed over him as he sat there alone.

The next morning, Mrs. Blanchard being in an impatient mood rose early and paced her dressing-room with nervous steps.

"I must get him away, if but for a few days," she said to her husband, when he reminded her that she was allowing her mental excitement to prey upon and injure her appearance.

"When he is at a dis-

tance, I can think of a plan for keeping him there, now I am a prey to a thousand weak and miserable fears."

Having come to this conclusion, she went down, in answer to the breakfast-bell—but Evgene, contrary to his custom, was not at the table. Violet sat watching the door. And her mother's jealous and suspicious eyes saw disappointment in the child's face, when she entered instead of her brother.

"Call Mr. Evgene," she said, peremptorily, to the servant in attendance.

The man soon returned to say that Mr. Evgene's door was open, and the things in the room tossed about a good deal—but he was not there.

Before he had ceased speaking, Violet had sprung up and rushed by him, on her way to her brother's room. Alarmed and amazed at this show of feeling, her mother followed her quickly, to find things just as the man had said.

A few things were scattered; and one light chair had been overturned as if in a hurry or slight scuffle—but otherwise the apartment and its contents were entirely unchanged since the night before—only Evgene was gone.

"Gone!" Violet repeated, looking round her with a hopeless, frightened gaze, "where can he have gone, why should he go without me? Oh, mamma, you have way to your dear, dear brother away. You have done a harsh and cruel thing—you have parted me from the one I love best, my dear, dear brother!"

"Hush!" implored Mrs. Blanchard, looking very white, and speaking in a husky undertone. "You must not, shall say so, or you will make a troublesome fellow. I know nothing of his disappearance; he will no doubt come back as readily as he went; but at present, you must come down quietly to breakfast. Let Mr. Evgene explain this matter on his return," she continued, aloud, to the gathering servants. "It is a mere freak of his, and he will be in presently for his breakfast."

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW CHARACTER.

The winter sun was shining brightly, and Lexington Terrace, its broad flag stone deeply swept, and its windows decorated with rare exotics, was offering a tempting promenade for afternoon walkers, when a freshly-dressed gentleman, with a showy figure and showy air, turned from a cross-street into its lofty precincts.

He was tall and stately in figure, with an air of being younger than he was, and quite a model of a certain kind of manly beauty. His eyes were black, so were his glossy hair and beard, and nothing could be more dazzlingly white than his teeth, which he had a trick of showing in a constant smile.

His first effect on beholders was to dazzle their senses beyond the power of criticism, but a second glance or two betrayed to a keen eye, that his hair, like his complexion, was too showily made up for reality, and that his teeth and figure were more indebted to art rather than nature for their beauty and symmetry.

He seemed an idle gallant, for he came leisurely over the stone pavement trailing his delicate cane after him, and gazing lazily around as if in search of an object on which to bestow his flattering interest.

Penetrating in this easy way he came up with a very elegant couple passing in front of a door in the centre of the terrace, and the horses and appointments of this equipage being of the most elegant description, he eyed them all with the approving air of a connoisseur, and glanced from

them to the fair proprietress of the turnout, at that moment descending the steps of her mansion and about to enter it.

As his eye rested on this unconscious figure, he started back with a stifled ejaculation of astonishment, and an expression of surprise mingled with intense interest and amazement crossed his countenance.

She was so busy speaking to her coachman that she had no knowledge of his presence, and so he had an opportunity of looking full in her face and noting every line in it before she, still unaware of his attention, entered her carriage.

She was a pretty woman with a fair but restless and somewhat shallow beauty. Her eyes were like frightened things watching and warding, but never looking fully nor trustfully at anything—and her beautiful complexion was too lifelessly white and changeless to warm an admirer into a lover.

She was exquisitely dressed, and like the gallant gentleman who was honoring her with such a close examination, possessed the art of appearing a great deal younger than she really was.

As she took her seat on the crimson silk cushions of her coach, the gentleman stepped back a pace or two into the shadow of the ornamental tree-box, and smote himself on the breast as an outlet to his amazement.

"By Jove!" he said, with a low whistle, "it is little Nina more enough! But however, what a swell, what a noble turnout, and stylish crib to live in! It's too bad to have kept this all a secret so long, look like Nina's needs a sharer, and here I am, my beauty!"

He chuckled as he spoke thus to himself, and began to move slowly forward without his jaunty, dashing air, but with his head bent forward in a musing way.

"Who would have thought it?" he asked himself. "Yet," he answered, "I don't know either, she was just the kind to come up again in some such unexpected manner. She has done it, by Jove, and the only question is how!"

He laughed to himself as he went on; the sound was harsh and without mirth or pleasure, it had a cold, cruel echo in it, too, and like his voice betrayed a nature at variance with his contrived smile.

"She cut up wild when I left her, threatened to die by poison and all manner of games," he mused. "I half believed her to be in earnest, and looked out the first fortnight to hear that she'd made a hole in the water, or taken something too strong to get over. Pahaw! I might have known better, she's a woman, and they're all alike, born to deceive and take it as a matter of course."

Well, well, my lady of Lexington Terrace, however you rose to your present position, here's an old friend ready to join you. You shan't find me cold or forgetful, my dear. Oh, no!"

Here he again indulged in his disagreeable laughter, and went along cogitating as if he had found a most cheerful and amusing subject for thought.

He did not linger in the walks of fashion and splendor, but turning as if by instinct into the lower and less reputable portion of the city, kept on until he came to a dirty street crossing with a low grogery at three of its corners, and a place where second hand clothing was bought and sold on the fourth.

A woman, partially intoxicated and very careless and swaggering in her dress and appearance, came out of the nearest drinking-house, and faced him suddenly as he gained the lower corner of the street.

At sight of him, she moved back a pace or two, and became deadly white at the recognition. She waved her hand to prevent his approach, and her lips moved without her uttering a word.

He, on his part, was scarcely less shaken by the unexpected meeting than she; it was plain that they had once been well known to each other, and that this encounter filled them both with strong emotions.

The woman displayed anger and scorn, mixed with some subtle and painful feeling that seemed stronger than either, but he showed only fear, abject cringing fear, that no sooner recovered from its first shock of weakness than it assumed the form of consolation.

He was the first to speak.

"Why, Min, my dear girl, you've grown handsomer than ever. I-I scarcely know you at first, by Jove, your eyes are diamonds still, and your teeth are fit for a queen, as I always said you know."

"I know you always said," the woman returned, in a deep, concentrated tone of contempt. "Don't tempt me now by reminding me of your hollow flattery and cursed snare."

She seemed to conquer her first feeling of shuddering pain at sight of him, and coming closer asked:

"What devil's wind blew you here to-day? What villainy are you up to now?"

"Ah, you will be suspicious, Molly, I see," he said, attempting an air of banter. "You can't believe me when I assure you—"

"No, I believe nothing but my own experience, and that's all against you, Ralph," she returned, bitterly. "I-I know you are without heart or soul, and that pity or compunction are unknown to you. Heaven help you if some day we cross each other, and it all comes back on me clearly. I hold a debt against you, you know, and might call on you to settle, she added, with a hollow laugh.

"Come," he replied, rallying a little, "you are too hard on me, my girl. You blame me for your own weakness, and you know I always advised you against it. He glanced toward the tavern as he spoke

of his wearing apparel, but the measure of his boots did agree with the footmarks of the unknown man. I had him watched then with the utmost closeness, all his habits examined, all his companions interviewed. Yet as soon as he was that I learned nothing positive during months of watching. I only discovered that he had possessed a boat, won by fraud from one of his companions. This boat had no figure in the bow, and it had disappeared. One point in his favor, and one against him. No boat could be found, within miles of the city, answering to that required. Another question was how, on my theory of the murder, did the jewel pass from Mr. Merivale to Henry Ogden's hands. There was a story of a robbery by one Dusky Sol, but the facts given to prove it were only circumstantial, and there was no evidence of connection between this man and Henry Ogden.

"That about finishes the negative side of the case. Am I not right?" said Mr. Blackstone.

"Very nearly so. This man was watched without effect. The concept of Mr. Merivale complicated the matter, and gave the detective force, for a time, its hands full of work. That Ogden had a confederate in the city, who kept him posted on all dangerous points, I was satisfied, though I have not yet succeeded in discovering any such person. I imagine it may have been this Dusky Sol."

"Very possibly," said the executor. His companion had continued silent throughout.

"Now the evidence begins to grow more positive," said Hiram. "Mr. Bruce here, who is interested in the case as a friend of Mr. Merivale, succeeded in doing that which had baffled the police, in discovering Dusky Sol. He charged the latter person with the murder, laid bare the chain of evidence against him, started him by an exhibition of the jewel, but failed to elicit from him a confession of his connection with the murder. Under my advice he left him apparently free, but we kept on his track, conjectured that he would seek a conference with Ogden, and, in short, succeeded in overhearing them in such a conference. It was plainly charged by Dusky Sol, in our hearing, that he had sold Ogden the stolen jewel, and clearly admitted by him that he had possessed such a boat, which, as his hints indicated, he had sunk."

"This is getting decidedly interesting," said the second executor, now first speaking. "The chase is growing close. Merivale's confederate, Hiram, who has discovered, partly through Miss Debois, but chiefly through Mr. Bruce, that a certain carpenter in Southville had made the figure-head of the boat for Henry Ogden. Since then this carpenter has left the village and gone to California, at the instigation, and under the pay, as we suppose of Henry Ogden. His shop has been searched, and we have found there a model of the figure, which he had acknowledged having made for Mr. Bruce. Dusky Sol was arrested on the charge of murder, and has been frightened into a full confession of his part in the affair. He acknowledges having stolen the jewel, and claims to have sold it to Henry Ogden, a person with whom he had dealings before. He claims to have had no knowledge of its connection with the murder, and that he only learned of this since his arrest. This claim we are free to believe as much of as we see fit. He claims, also, another mysterious affair. He was the agent who arranged and assisted the escape of Robert Merivale, and who concealed him from the officers, and in this he claims to have been acting as the agent of Henry Ogden."

"Why that possible object could Ogden have had, on your theory of the matter, in arranging this escape?" asked Mr. Blackstone, in an excited voice.

"Two objects, sir, one creditable to him, the other discreditable," said Hiram. "The first would be a wish of convenience at seeing an innocent man likely to suffer for his crime, and a wish to save him without imperiling himself."

"And the second?" asked the executor.

"The second would be a fear that the defense would not only clear the accused, and thus place him free to do as he pleased, but might elicit something bearing dangerously on himself. The prisoner free for a while would give him fuller time to get rid of all proof against himself, and also produce a feeling against the fugitive, which might convict him if arrested and again placed in the hands of the law."

"And to which of these theories do you incline?" asked the lawyer.

"Facts exist in proof of the second," said Hiram. "Dusky Sol declares that he paid him to go West, and the carpenter we know to have been sided to emigrate to California. The boat was found, was discovered to have been carefully sunk, its figure-head was identical with the cast in our possession, in it was discovered this very important fragment of the will, which clearly sustains Mr. Merivale's story, and finally, and most important, it contained a shirt, marked plainly with the name of Henry Ogden. This shirt has been subjected to microscopic examination, and is found to be identical in texture with the threads found on the jewel. Add to this the fact that it is slightly torn at the point in which the jewel would be worn, and a few threads are loosened and torn out from this rent place. Do you not think we have proof enough to hang Henry Ogden?"

"Yes, decidedly," said Mr. Brown, the executor who had chiefly spoken. "A very marked case against a man whom I never dreamed of suspecting, though I must say, it was not favorably impressed with him."

"I have not finished yet. William Bristol, the man from whom he obtained the boat, has been examined, and the serious nature of the case laid open to him. He has declared that he would have nothing to do with aiding a murderer to escape justice, and that he recognizes the jewel as one he saw Henry Ogden wear just previous to the murder. He has also given us the name of another of his companions, who makes the same statement."

"A very loud and full case indeed," said Mr. Brown, somewhat excited by the remarks of the executor in the state of the affair, so far as his previous acquaintance with it went. "What action do you design taking?"

"Henry Ogden is already in prison awaiting trial for the murder of his uncle," said Mr. Blackstone.

"Certainly this changes the state of the whole matter, so far as our duty is concerned," said Mr. Johnson, the second executor.

"We have now to discover the real hair of this estate, who, as their common reason to believe, is identical with this fugitive from justice. Where shall we find him?"

"Here!" said a clear voice behind them. Turning with the utmost surprise, they found the speaker to be the assumed soldier, who had been addressed as Mr. Bruce. He now stood erect, gazing calmly toward them, and to all appearance the coolest man there.

"You!" cried Mr. Blackstone, looking keenly at him. "Do you claim to be Robert Merivale?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The speaker turned momentarily from them. When he again faced them his whiskers had disappeared, and the dark curly hair of Robert Merivale replaced the light wig he had worn. The lawyer recognized his client at a glance.

"It is I, Robert Merivale, that stand before you," he continued, "a fact which one of you can confirm, as he well knew it."

"What do you mean?" asked Hiram, quietly.

"Simply that you have known me all through our late investigations. I am now very sure that you were not deceived, and I thank you for your forbearance in leaving me possession of my freedom until our task was finished."

"I would have been a wise officer indeed to have arrested one sharper than myself at my own business, and who has pulled the case through difficulties which baffled me."

"What have you to say to this, Mr. Blackstone?" said Robert triumphantly. "You doubted my ability to find Dusky Sol."

"I doubt nothing you undertake in future in the way of hiding and finding," said the lawyer.

"But what is your object in thus revealing yourself?" asked Mr. Brown.

"To throw myself on the mercy of the court. The sole object of my flight was for the purpose of discovering the evidence in my favor, which I knew was in existence. Mr. Long and I have fully succeeded in this task; and now that I have cleared my good name of the charge of murder, I am ready to endure any penalty which the court may inflict."

"The penalty will be a light one, under the very unusual circumstances of this case," said Mr. Blackstone. "I know the judges sufficiently well to know that they will take all these facts into consideration. I am promise you that you will be admitted to a light bail, and that no criminal prosecution will be pushed against you. You may consider yourself virtually free."

"I agree with you in that, Mr. Blackstone," said Hiram.

"And now concerning the will," said Mr. Johnson. "How came you in possession of that jewel?"

"It is a family relic, descending straight to me from my great-grandfather, Joseph Ogden," said Merivale.

"Prove that and you are heir to the Ogden estate," cried Mr. Brown excitedly.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)

A CHEERFUL COUNTENANCE.

BY BULAH BURN.

We are convinced, if we did not make the discovery, that Robinson was a wise man, and fully realized the effect of cheerfulness, or he would never have said, "A glad countenance doth good, like a medicine." Who has not experienced this truth? When we meet a long-visaged, sour-faced man, and under the pay, as we suppose of Henry Ogden. His shop has been searched, and we have found there a model of the figure, which he had acknowledged having made for Mr. Bruce. Dusky Sol was arrested on the charge of murder, and has been frightened into a full confession of his part in the affair. He acknowledges having stolen the jewel, and claims to have sold it to Henry Ogden, a person with whom he had dealings before. He claims to have had no knowledge of its connection with the murder, and that he only learned of this since his arrest. This claim we are free to believe as much of as we see fit. He claims, also, another mysterious affair. He was the agent who arranged and assisted the escape of Robert Merivale, and who concealed him from the officers, and in this he claims to have been acting as the agent of Henry Ogden."

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"You!" cried Mr. Blackstone, looking keenly at him. "Do you claim to be Robert Merivale?"

"Yes," was the reply.

The speaker turned momentarily from them. When he again faced them his whiskers had disappeared, and the dark curly hair of Robert Merivale replaced the light wig he had worn. The lawyer recognized his client at a glance.

"It is I, Robert Merivale, that stand before you," he continued, "a fact which one of you can confirm, as he well knew it."

"What do you mean?" asked Hiram, quietly.

"Simply that you have known me all through our late investigations. I am now very sure that you were not deceived, and I thank you for your forbearance in leaving me possession of my freedom until our task was finished."

"I would have been a wise officer indeed to have arrested one sharper than myself at my own business, and who has pulled the case through difficulties which baffled me."

"What have you to say to this, Mr. Blackstone?" said Robert triumphantly. "You doubted my ability to find Dusky Sol."

"I doubt nothing you undertake in future in the way of hiding and finding," said the lawyer.

"But what is your object in thus revealing yourself?" asked Mr. Brown.

"To throw myself on the mercy of the court. The sole object of my flight was for the purpose of discovering the evidence in my favor, which I knew was in existence. Mr. Long and I have fully succeeded in this task; and now that I have cleared my good name of the charge of murder, I am ready to endure any penalty which the court may inflict."

"The penalty will be a light one, under the very unusual circumstances of this case," said Mr. Blackstone. "I know the judges sufficiently well to know that they will take all these facts into consideration. I am promise you that you will be admitted to a light bail, and that no criminal prosecution will be pushed against you. You may consider yourself virtually free."

"I agree with you in that, Mr. Blackstone," said Hiram.

"And now concerning the will," said Mr. Johnson. "How came you in possession of that jewel?"

"It is a family relic, descending straight to me from my great-grandfather, Joseph Ogden," said Merivale.

"Prove that and you are heir to the Ogden estate," cried Mr. Brown excitedly.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 32.)

"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER."

BY SPHINX.

"Is love foolish then?" said Lord Buntingham.

"Can you doubt it?" answered Hamilton.

"I know not of a greater proof of folly," said Lord Buntingham.

My Lord and Lady Carruthers sat, as they had been sitting the entire afternoon, in most absolute silence. My Lord was doing over the "London Times," though his nephew George would have had all probability of a future seat in Parliament had he combined my lord of the foot. It was getting dreadfully stupid for George, here in the lonely suburb of Aston, and he secretly wondered how many more days would elapse before the gaudy old gentleman would start him in the world. I don't know, dear friend, that it is to be regretted that George did not despise himself or that he pleasantly consoled himself this dull November day with the verdict of the opposite mirror, i. e., that country air and vicissitudes were rather aiding and abetting his natural tendency to good looks. He glanced rather restlessly through at his lady, who in her tasteful elderly costume, was calmly knitting and wearing what Dickens would term: "An exhausted composure, a worn-out placidity, an equality of fatigue."

George betook himself to the window looking out on the park, and drummed an irritated accompaniment to a new opera air. Presently, startled: "Egad! here's a young girl getting out of a carriage!"

aroused the baronet, who avails with a violent start and grunt, ejaculating something very like "Damn it!" then apologized apologetically, and walked over to the window in a color of apologetic annoyance.

"Ah—Elsie Barclay!—and confound it! (to his lady) what are we going to do with her?"

"My love!" said his wife, dropping a stitch and taking it up again reproachfully.

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"We are convinced, if we did not make the discovery, that Robinson was a wise man, and fully realized the effect of cheerfulness, or he would never have said, "A glad countenance doth good, like a medicine." Who has not experienced this truth? When we meet a long-visaged, sour-faced man, and under the pay, as we suppose of Henry Ogden. His shop has been searched, and we have found there a model of the figure, which he had acknowledged having made for Mr. Bruce. Dusky Sol was arrested on the charge of murder, and has been frightened into a full confession of his part in the affair. He acknowledges having stolen the jewel, and claims to have sold it to Henry Ogden, a person with whom he had dealings before. He claims to have had no knowledge of its connection with the murder, and that he only learned of this since his arrest. This claim we are free to believe as much of as we see fit. He claims, also, another mysterious affair. He was the agent who arranged and assisted the escape of Robert Merivale, and who concealed him from the officers, and in this he claims to have been acting as the agent of Henry Ogden."

"Why that possible object could Ogden have had, on your theory of the matter, in arranging this escape?" asked Mr. Blackstone, in an excited voice.

"Two objects, sir, one creditable to him, the other discreditable," said Hiram. "The first would be a wish of convenience at seeing an innocent man likely to suffer for his crime, and a wish to save him without imperiling himself."

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in a patronizing way observing, "Well, I'll drive you over to the West Wednesday morning—by the way, anco, where is it to be?"

"To Templeton's meadow," said my lord, briefly.

"Well then, I suppose, Brandon will be there. They say," he continued, turning to Elsie, "that he is the best rider in the country."

"Ah!"

"Yes, well, I'll not about getting you over there, be contented, as she was making excuses for retiring early on account of the fatigue incurred by her journey."

When Wednesday morning came George seemed to have forgotten his intention of expressing "This little American novelty" (as he called her to his stray companions) over there, when all of a sudden he looked in upon her.

"By the way, Miss Elsie, shall I have the horses put in for you that you may ride over after me?"

Having no notion of sitting still in the grand carriage without any chaperone, it being not exactly according to her "American" ideas, she said—

"Oh, I'll probably see several more fox-hunts during the season, it is hardly worth while for me to go now," and went on reading.

George was rather grateful to her than otherwise, he would have to keep an eye on her he thought, and besides if she was no horsewoman she would hardly be able to appreciate his presence in the saddle, and it was just as well.

He had not been gone ten minutes when the grand carriage drove up. Elsie came forward to the window.

"Will you go over with me to the West?" he said, raising his cap.

"Ride?"

"Yes."

"What horse?" said she.

"Here is my groom with 'Restless,' just coming in the gateway now."

"I'll be ready in five minutes," down went the window. Elsie sped past her aunt in the hall. "Am going to the West with Mr. Brandon."

"Will George like that, my dear?" said Lady Carruthers, mild query.

"Couldn't say."

"Where is Mr. Brandon staying?"

"Foray's manor."

"Did he come out from London for the purpose?" but her niece was nowhere within hearing.

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"Oh, no—I thought it was very kind in you to take an interest in my undertaking," she replied, good-naturedly.

It then struck George that "it was very kind" was, it was, but it might not have had anything to do with her of old, after her refusal to go over in the carriage that morning. He began to appreciate himself as he had never done before.

"My uncle is urging me to leave here soon for Munich on business for him. It is a great nuisance, this traveling on business," he said confidentially and by way of getting upon more comfortable ground.

"You can get some pleasure out of it, if you choose," she answered, sharpening a pencil very carefully.

"That shows how little you Americans really know about traveling. You come over here with ideal visions of Europe; and with no other thought than to enjoy yourselves, you spend all your money here, consequently get all you want, and go home imagining yourselves to have found as well as the old world."

"And you could not visit America with the same enthusiasm?"

"Certainly not—an Englishman visit America with enthusiasm?"

"Well, then, you can hardly blame us for our American notions," she replied, putting a very fine pencil, snipped like a miniature barbs of a bullet, but she sat away patiently at it, in real Yankee "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." "I am not at all successful," and he was twisting the ends of that well-cultivated mustache most off with annoyance.

"Pshaw!" said he heartily, "you do not get at my idea at all."

"It is evident that I do not," she returned in a quietly inquiring glance that showed her last specimen of grape-shot.

"We Englishmen find it difficult to make you Americans understand our style of doing things."

"Yes, that seems to have been a difficulty existing since the American Revolution, I believe. And the point of that slender pencil tip cracked, snapped like a miniature barbs of a bullet, but she sat away patiently at it, in real Yankee "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again." "I am not at all successful," and he was twisting the ends of that well-cultivated mustache most off with annoyance.

"The fault is in you," he continued, ignoring the last specimen of grape-shot. "It is the persistence of your race—you never take any hints on the subject of traveling or anything else."

"I believe different nations never do, without a declaration of war first, do they?" she laughingly asked.

"If I don't see why you need harp so continually on political differences?" he snapped, unguardedly.

"And I don't see why you will harp so continually upon social differences?" she returned, excited; but cooling almost instantly, she said, "But that has all this to do with your departure?"

"Now that was just like a woman—as if that was not the main point, and here was she asking it, as if they had not been considering that all along."

The luncheon-bell here interrupted their unsatisfactory discourse, and the fragments of the subject remained like many others in tangled confusion. Days went by, and Elsie played chess with George, played croquet with George, made one at what in the evenings; she rode and walked with him, and was really desirable, he felt, to his life in a London suburb; and then the acknowledgment of her difference from the all-of-one-pattern-ladies he had been accustomed to was beginning to creep over him. The last day of his stay was come. After breakfast, he helped her gather some chrysanthemums, and he really pitied her as he thought how lonely she would be after his departure? So he said compassionately:

"Miss Elsie, write to me if you are very much overcome with snail. I don't know whether I'll have time to-morrow, but write nevertheless!"

"Oh, if he had only turned and caught that look of sadistic gratitude, but he missed it during his complacent reflections. "I expect you won't see anything of Brandon till the next hunt—he generally neglects the society of women at other times!"

"What can be the reason?" she asked, demurely.

"Oh, lack of interest, I suppose," George replied, in sublime consideration.

He departed; but Elsie did not write, and he admired her all the more for it.

"She is really deeper in love with me than I thought," he said to himself, after she had been absent some four months. Then he dropped her a line, but

THE ASH POOL.

The wind whistled over the solemn lake,
And the water beneath the bridge of ice
And the wind whistled over the solemn lake,
And the water beneath the bridge of ice
And the wind whistled over the solemn lake,
And the water beneath the bridge of ice

Black and cold, and stagnant and deep,
No silver gleam from its surface leap;
No brown whorl, no eddy, no swirling foam,
Till that lifeless lake finds a fairer home;
Till that lifeless lake finds a fairer home;
Till that lifeless lake finds a fairer home;

When June's soft smile is on the earth,
And the rose and the violet spring to birth,
When the bright beams of day smile on the lake,
And the water beneath the bridge of ice
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clasped in hand. It was a silence where
the heart is too full for words—great joy
and heavy sorrow are alike voiceless.

Alma's eyes were wandering far away
over the green trees of the park and the
distant house-tops into the wide space.

"What are you thinking of, darling?"
Frank asked, catching the little hand he
held.

The tears which had gathered in her
eyes fell in great drops down her cheeks
as his voice roused her from her waking
dream.

"I was thinking of Westpark and of
our sorrows there, and of this time last
year, when we were all so happy, and of
yesterday. Oh, Frank, Frank! when you are
gone, my heart will break!"

His heart into passionate tears, and he
strove in vain to soothe her, though his
own heart was well-nigh broken, too, at
the prospect of their long parting.

"Say, darling," he said, "try to bear
it—try to think that the time will not be
long. We are both young, Alma, and a
year is not much in our lives."

"Not much, Frank?"
"Well, dear, it will not be to look back
upon when it is over; and think of my
coming back! Perhaps I shall be a captain
then—who knows?"

"I can't look at the bright side of it,
Frank. Suppose you should be ship-
wrecked—drowned? Oh, my love! my love!
when the wind blows at night I shall
be awake and fancy you going down, down
in the dark waters. Frank, if anything
happened to you, I should die hearing the
news!"

He drew her close to him, and laid her
head on his breast, for she was shaking all
over with strong excitement and wild grief.

"Hush, my darling!" he said; "no
harm can come to either of us if we are
true to each other."

"True! Oh, Frank!"
"As we shall be. I shall come back to
find my Alma all she has been to me; and,
more than all—my wife."

"But I dread your going away—I dread
being left to my own in the future. She
is worldly, and thinks—"

"That you ought to make a better
match—she, petite?"
"Well, yes; but I would not have a king
to-morrow who would separate me from
you. But it worries me, and Lord Norton-
shall worries me, and more than all I dread
that Mr. Bertram—"

"Does he care here?"
"He has been here once. I only saw
him for a minute."

"What did he come for?"
"I don't know."

"Does he want to renew his suit, do
you think?"
"Oh, no, never—too polite, if anything;
but I am sure he was somehow or other
mixed up with my future fate—as if he
would influence my life in some evil
way. I am terribly afraid of him!"

"You are nervous, dear. I don't like
him. It may be prejudiced, but I feel as
though no good could come of an intimacy
with him. Still, we need not know him
unless we choose, and we won't choose—
you and I."

"I am afraid aunt likes him, and—
Oh, Frank, what is that?"
The silvery tinkle of a little time-
piece fell upon their ears, and the young
man started to his feet.

"Nine, my love, my darling, and I must
go."

The last moment had come, and with it
the tearing asunder of two loving hearts.
Such partings can come but seldom in a
life—partings that stand the strain—
and Alma clung convulsively to him who
loved so dearly in tearless suffering, more
terrible than any outcries of grief. For
him, what could he do but hold her ten-
derly to his heart, and pray Heaven to
bless and keep his treasure safe till his
return?

"Only for a year!" he murmured. "Try
and think of that, Alma—think how quickly
years have passed before now in our lives.
It will be nothing to look back upon."

"It is long in passing when there is
nothing but sorrow in it. Frank, I feel
this is our last parting, dear. I shall never
see you again in all my weary life."

"You'll see it in twelve months, darling,
and hear of it by every chance I can get
of writing to you. Only one year! Why,
you and I could be faithful to each other
for a lifetime."

"For all eternity," she answered, as he
kissed her forehead, and she gently
placed her arm on his.

She did not faint, but sat there white
and tearless, till the sound of wheels
rolling rapidly away from the door roused
her to a sense of her loss. Then she re-
alized that he was indeed gone, that she
could see him no more, and she burst into
such a passion of tears that Mrs. Everfield
was seriously alarmed.

"I shall never see him again," she
sobbed; "never, never!"

In vain her aunt attempted consolation,
she would not be comforted. Her senti-
ment seemed to oppress her of coming
evil, which she could not shake off, and
the next few weeks saw a decided decline
in her health. She grew pale and wan,
and the sound of a strange voice or foot-
step would startle and alarm her terribly.

She watched eagerly for the arrival of
each day's post, never hesitating to ask
the assurances of those about her, that no letter
would come to her from Frank for some
time unless the Arkthusa fell in with some
homeward-bound ship, which would bring
back letters.

"We shall see—we shall see," was her
only reply to their expostulations. "News
will come somehow."

And news did come, in a way they least
expected.

Six weeks after the parting between
Alma Bertram and Frank Vavasour, Lord
Nortonshall came down in his breakfast
in anything but a pleasant humor. He could
make no way with the mistress, and the
actress would have nothing to say to him,
so, altogether, he was very dull, and con-
sequently very cross.

"Don't kick up such a deuce of a row,"
he said, to the servant, who was arranging
the breakfast things. "I hate to hear
such a clatter. Where are my letters?"

"Here, my lord."

"And the Times?"

"Here, my lord."

"Very well, then, get out."

The maid needed no further commands,
and got out, and his master settled him-
self to his breakfast and his morning pe-
per, very wroth with everything. He
grumbled over a flattering notice of Cla-
udia Wynne, and "pshaw" and swore over
the mention of his own name as honorary
director of something or other.

Suddenly a paragraph caught his eye
which stopped his grumbling. His face
lit up with something very like triumph.

"Great Heaven!" he muttered, "the
chance has come at last!"

He read the simple announcement over
and over again, as he sat in black and white
before his eyes.

"If it is only true," he murmured, "and
no bookish fancy in a public-house—
No—it is true; or there's good authority
for it. It would not be in this column
else."

The paragraph was short, but in large
type, and was headed:—
"Total destruction of H. M. S. Arkthusa
by fire. Loss of her whole crew. All
hands drowned."

CHAPTER VIII.
MARRIAGE.

Married! married! and not to be—
It is a dream, or can it be?

The newspaper paragraph read by Lord
Nortonshall across his breakfast table was
true. The good ship Arkthusa had fallen
a victim to the dread destroyer fire, and
not a soul of her crew had returned to tell
the tale.

The news had been brought home by
the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship
Company's boat Arkthusa, whose officers
and men had seen the light of the burn-
ing ship on the horizon, and had instantly
steamed toward the spot. Long ere they
reached it, however, a terrific explosion
took place, and the blazing fragments of
the once magnificent ship were hurled
into the air, to fall, hissing and blackened,
into the dark waters below.

They reported having cruised about the
spot for two days without being able to do
more than pick up some of the charred
timbers, one or two bearing the name of
the doomed ship, and one dead body, which
had been by some means got entangled in
a rope attached to a broken spar.

It was that of a common sailor, named
James Hope, badly disfigured and bruised,
and they buried him in the sea, carefully
keeping his clothes and the odds and ends
in his pockets for his friends, if any turned
up ashore.

Of the rest of the crew they could find
no trace. If any had escaped, they must
have got out of sight and hearing in the
darkness; but it was most likely they
had all perished, either by the flames or
the equally pitiless sea.

Such was the sad tale brought home by
the Arkthusa, and so week after week, and
month after month passed by, and no
tidings of any of that doomed crew ever
reached England, they were counted lost,
and mourned and wept for in many a
home where women toil, and wait, and
hope, only to be rewarded at last with
the news of a recent death, and the sight
of a vacant chair.

How Alma bore the tale and affliction which
had so suddenly come upon her Lord Norton-
shall could only hear from her aunt.
She was never visible, would see no one,
and Mrs. Everfield declared that her
sister-in-law's grief was more than she
could bear.

"It preyed upon her nerves," she said,
"to see any one move so."

Had Alma's affianced husband been a
lord or a duke, she would have understood
his despair; but only a sailor! Well, for
her part, she thought a young lady with
himself, still, we need not know him
unless we choose, and we won't choose—
you and I."

And so on ad lib, would the good lady
hold forth; not to her niece (for, to do
her justice, she respected her sorrow
enough to be silent), but to her special
friends, among whom Lord Nortonshall
ranked first.

He was precisely of her opinion re-
garding Frank Vavasour's death. He
thought it a very good thing, but he would
not say so. He behaved very well in this
kind of sorrow.

Time seems to work nothing but more
wretchedness," the lady returned, testily.
"Alma is growing a perfect monomaniac
on the subject, and we might just as well
be patient with her."

"She must be very tenderly dealt with,
my dear madam; a shock like this is a
rending of the very heart-strings. Don't
imagine I would force my presence on
her for her comfort, but I shall hope for
a better time to come some day."

"You are very kind," Mrs. Everfield
said, and duly reported to Alma, as her
lordship expected she would. And how
kind he was, and how much of sympathy he
had expressed for her.

But Alma cared nothing now what any
one said or did, and she would not let
him go from her existence, and they might
do with her what they would.

And when six months had passed away,
and with all his tidings of the lost one,
and Lord Nortonshall began cautiously to
press his suit, she evinced no surprise,
hardly any change, only begging her aunt
to leave her alone.

But Mrs. Everfield was not the sort of
person to leave any one alone, and she per-
sistently coaxed and worried alternately,
till Alma yielded from sheer inability to re-
fuse, and in twelve months after the arrival
of the news of Frank's loss, she became the
bride of her betrothed.

It was no happy betrothal, and most
men would have shrunk from taking the
promise of the pallid girl, who seemed
more like a spectre than a creature of flesh
and blood, and she allowed him to take her
in his arms and call her his future wife.

He did not care for her coldness, her
utter indifference to his undertakings. It
was her money he coveted, and the thought
that it would soon be his was sufficient to
make him blind to her want of love for him.

"I'll make her love me when I get her
to Nortonshall," he said, triumphantly;
when Alma had glided out of the room to
bury her face in the pillows of her bed,
and to pray frantically that she might
die before her wedding day.

One stipulation she made—that she should
have six months more, and then, if no-
thing came about to alter matters, she
would stand at the altar with the man she
had promised to marry.

On no other condition would she consent,
and they were fain to yield, and let her
have her own way, though Mrs. Everfield
grumbled sorely thereat, and openly ex-
pressed her disapprobation to her nephew
that was to be, declaring that—

"They had better have been married at
once, and then there would be no chance
of anything disagreeable happening."

Nothing happened, however, disagree-
able or otherwise, and it was true for the
wedding drew near. Lord Nortonshall was
at home to his Yorkshire estate, and made
all sorts of magnificent preparations for the
coming home of his bride.

Mrs. Everfield sat alone in the order-
ing of her niece's trousseau. Alma would
have nothing to do with it; she only
prayed to be alone.

The time flew by on leisure wings to the
impatient bridegroom elect, and with ter-
rible swiftness to the trembling bride, and
at length the day came—a bright, sunny
spring morning, redolent of the breath of

scented flowers, and bright with clear sky
and glowing sunshine, when the bride,
happy in the bride that the sun shined
on," says the proverb; and if its glowing
radiance could have brought happiness to
the pale bride of that morning would have
been a happy woman.

Lord Nortonshall was his friend's best
man on the magnificent occasion, and a
host of fashionable friends almost filled
the church, and outsiders filled the gal-
leries, for the fame of the wedding had
flown far and wide, and a great crowd had
gathered to witness it.

"Claudia said she should come," the
groomsmen said to his friend, as they
drove to the church together. "She only
returned to town yesterday, and sends you
her best wishes."

"For which I thank her, the only little
prize," his lordship replied. "She's such a
good creature I think I shall introduce
her to Alma. She'd be the better of bright-
ening up a little."

"You might introduce Claudia to any-
body," Lord Nortonshall replied; "she is
properly fitted."

The intimacy of the two friends with the
beautiful girl had not diminished at the
time had passed, and Claudia had
grown into such fame as rarely falls to
the lot of actresses now-a-days. She was
fitted and crowned by high and low, with-
out losing that sweet purity which was her
greatest charm.

Lord Nortonshall looked around the
church as he entered in search of her dark,
lovely face, with a feeling of pleasure in
the thought that she cared enough for him
to be there. But no Claudia was to be seen,
and he felt a twinge of disappointment.

He would have liked the actress to have
seen his beautiful bride, and himself re-
diant by her side.

For he was radiant this morning. The
terrible loss that was lifted from his heart
by the acquisition of his bride's fortune
was a secret from all but himself, and, be-
sides, he loved her as much as it was in his
nature to love anything.

He had not been behind in the matter of
settlements; Westpark and a goodly al-
lowance was assured to Alma and her
second son, should she have children,
while Nortonshall, freed from many an
incumbrance by the master's marriage,
could come and go as he pleased, and to
the eldest son of the house.

His lordship's friends might well call
him a lucky fellow; beauty and fortune
combined seldom fall to the lot of money-
hunting husbands.

Mrs. Everfield was in her glory, radiant
in gleaming satin and glittering jewels.
She talked about "her darling niece," and
the trial it

